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DEMOCRATIC IDEALS AND REALITY by H. J. MacKinder, M. P. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$2.

The author was formerly director of the London School of Economics and Finance and is one of the world's leading authorities on modern geography. In this book he shows that a lasting peace can only be achieved if national boundaries are fixed by the peace conference in accord with the physical geography of the various sections and the natural routes of trade. War is the result of the unequal growth of nations, which unequal growth largely results from the uneven distribution of fertility and strategical opportunity of their respective territories. Maps and index.

A NEW MUNICIPAL PROGRAM edited by Clinton Rogers Woodruff. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$2.25.

The members of the National Municipal League's Committee on Municipal Program have co-operated to produce this book, looking to the improvement of the machinery of municipal government. Each contributes a chapter on a certain phase of city government of which he has made special study and investigation, including the model city charter, civil service and efficiency, municipal home rule, the short ballot principle, administrative organization, the city council, the franchise policy, financial provisions, city planning and business management. The contributors are W. N. Baker, editor of the *Engineering News-Record* and ex-member of the New Jersey Board of Health; Richard S. Childs, author of "Short Ballot Principles;" John A. Fairlie, professor of political science at the University of Illinois and secretary of the Illinois Municipal League; Mayo Fesler, secretary of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce and formerly secretary of the St. Louis Civic League; William Dudley Foulke, ex-president of the National Municipal League and United States civil service commissioner under President Roosevelt; Augustus Raymond Hatton, professor of politics at Western Reserve University and field secretary of the National Short Ballot organization; Herman G. James, associate professor in the school of government at the University of Texas and secretary of the League of Texas Municipalities; A. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard University; William Bennett Munro, professor of government at Harvard; Robert Treat Paine, a long time student of economic problems; Delos F. Wilcox, deputy commissioner of water, gas and electricity under Mayor Mitchel in New York City; and the editor, Clinton Rogers Woodruff, secretary of the National Municipal League. The book is made convenient for reference by a full index.

JIMMY HIGGINS by Upton Sinclair. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.

A sensational and controversial novel, which the author designates "the best book I have ever written." The hero goes to the war, after other adventures, and comes out mad. Socialism.

THE SWALLOW by Ruth Dunbar. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.50.

A novel based on the experiences of one of the few survivors of the original Lafayette Escadrille, but the real adventures are those of the spirit and the heart. A tale of hope and

optimism. An incident in this book recently appeared in the *Century Magazine* and won the author much praise.

WAR STORIES edited by Roy J. Holmes and A. Starbuck. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., \$1.25.

Two professors of western colleges desired a book of short stories deviating from the trite for classroom work and accordingly compiled this volume from current examples of the work of such authors as Booth Tarkington, Alden Brooks, Dana Burnet, James F. Dwyer, Edna Ferber, Gouverneur Morris, William Hamilton Osborn, George Weston, Will Payne, Laura Spencer Porter, George Palmer Putnam, Don Byrne, Thomas Beer, Gilbert Emery, Mary Mitchell Freedly, Margarita Spalding Gerry, Robt. W. Sneddon. In making their selections the editors were guided by the phase of war depicted—trying to include each—the glory and the hardships of the trenches, the privations of camp life, etc. There are no critical comments of any kind on these stories but a short biographical sketch of each author is included.

ARISTOKIA by A. Washington Pezet. New York: Century Co., \$1.50.

According to this highly amusing recital, when the world was taken over by the proletariat, the prohibitionists and the women they decided to do something handsome for the czars, kings, capitalists and other aristocrats and therefore assigned to them a portion of Central Europe, in which they could do as they pleased so long as they treated their servants according to union rules. Outsiders might visit the reservation, *Aristokia*, at certain times. This recounts the adventures of a very beautiful male American named Smith who visited there and fell in love with the most beautiful princess. Illustrations by Tony Sarg. Pezet is of Peruvian descent, has been in the diplomatic service at Washington, was at one time producing manager of the Toy Theater in New York and is the author of "Marrying Money."

THE HOBO PHILOSOPHER by Roger Payne. Published by the author at Fellowship Farm, Puente, Calif., 25c to 75c.

The joys of the road written of by one who has experienced them. A graduate of Cambridge, a member of the British bar, with much construction work to his credit, the author, often called "the hobo philosopher," has spent the last six years traveling afoot, studying economic and social conditions. In this little book he records his conclusions, the sum of them being that if a man is willing to give up luxuries and lead the simple life of the road he can earn enough to do so by working one day a week. Illustrated.

THE SIX-HOUR DAY by Lord Leverhulme. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$3.50.

Lord Leverhulme is known throughout Europe as one of the great captains of industry, the manufacturer of Sunlight soap. He is equally well known for his liberal ideas on the relations of capital and labor, and latterly for his activity in all departments of welfare work. His special hobbies are the six-hour day and co-partnership; he considers both necessary steps in reconstruction. This book is a selection of his addresses delivered on various industrial questions, on which questions he has brought to bear acute intelligence and with which he has had wide experience. His soap factory is the nucleus of a modern industrial city in which he has tried the experiments and arrived at the conclusions embodied in these addresses. His style is clear and engaging. The addresses are edited by Stanley Unwin and prefaced with an introduction by Viscount Haldane.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Amend the Peace

By William Marion Reedy

OPPONENTS of the League of Nations are having their inning just now and doing some heavy batting. The fielding of the League's friends is not particularly good, but that is probably because the captain is too far away and not saying much by cable. Senator Hitchcock is not a good substitute for President Wilson because he seems to be working in the dark as to facts and conditions.

The Senate now has the text of the German treaty. Legally it has no right to it until the treaty is signed, but morally it was justified in calling for it on the basis of the President's declaration that the peace should be one of "open covenants openly arrived at." The treaty was published in Europe, and if the Germans had it our people should have it. The President erred in consenting to an effort to keep it secret. The President has erred egregiously and continuously in his dealings with the Senate. He has acted like a dictator, even when within his rights.

It seems to me that the covenant and the treaty must be amended. Germany must be induced to sign, not forced. It seems to me that the amount of reparation exacted of Germany should be specified, and the time in which it is to be paid. Left as they are, the reparation terms promise to be too heavy. Germany offers to pay more, I understand, than the reparation commissioners of at least two of the allies calculated she could pay, and she cannot pay until restrictions upon her production are removed.

And Germany must be taken into the League of Nations. It is no such league as President Wilson promised, the allies consenting, with Germany out of it. It is well to condition her admittance upon her carrying out the peace terms, but she must not be given terms she cannot fulfill. She is within reason when she protests that the terms must not enslave her people for fifty years. If Germany be not taken in, she may join with Russia in an opposition league and prepare for another world war. The allies and we are fighting Russia and blockading her, even as we are blockading Germany. We seem to be welding Russia and Germany together by hammering them economically. German efficiency and Russian resources can be formed into a powerful combination for open offense and secret intrigue, if the peace makers drive both peoples to desperation. We should not take all of Germany's colonies and give them over, under forms of mandatory, to her victorious enemies. She should be taken into the league and given mandatories, too, provided she shows good faith. And Russia should be left to work out her own salvation without any interference, except the benevolent one of feeding the starving.

For it is peace the world wants and the world fears it is likely to get not peace but a *Mittleuropa* vaster and more potentially powerful than the one originally visioned by the German rulers. It is better to have Germany in the League as a protection to France than to have a special Anglo-Franco-American alliance to that end. And as for Russia it is more important that she pacify herself

than that we do so with the first end in view of making her guarantee the payment of her debts. She will pay when pacified by herself, for the good reason that no one can do world business who does not pay his debts. So with crushing Germany under reparations. The world can make nothing but lose much by a bankrupt Germany.

It seems to me that President Wilson and Premier Lloyd George see this. It is very probable that the covenant and treaty will be modified in the direction indicated. And it is not unlikely that the terms as to the occupancy and use of the Saar valley mining region will be softened so as not to amount to an annexation in violation of the President's repudiation of such annexation. The latest news from Paris gives hope of such modification.

The Senate can do nothing with covenant or treaty until they come before that body, signed. But Senator Knox's resolution condemning an uncompleted document is insane foolishness. It plays Germany's game; tends to divide the conference. It promises participation in future European wars, while blocking effort for present peace. The resolution is criminal in its offhand commitment of this country to slaughter.

Understanding that both covenant and treaty are still being changed by the framers in respect of such things as referred to above, the general terms of the covenant seem to me to deserve approval by the Senate. That covenant does not make us vassal to Great Britain. We can get out in two years if we don't like it. We remain our own masters as to armament. We can refuse to accept any mandatory. We can refuse to support any other nation in coercing any subject peoples. Our congress has still the power to say what this nation shall do as to any proposal of action by the League of Nations. Only congress can declare war and only congress can enact labor legislation of a national character. Congress can "denounce" the covenant and withdraw at any time. The covenant of the League of Nations does not supplant the constitution of the United States.

The virtue of the League of Nations lies solely in the good faith of the signatories thereto. Without that the league will go to pieces in a day. There is no infallible way of keeping any nation in the league. There is no prospect that the league will bind this nation to anything this people does not believe to be right. At most and best we go into the league pledged only to try to keep the world at peace. That is worth trying for. One way to try for it is to try to maintain justice even to "those to whom we do not want to do justice." To the late enemy in other words, and to our late friend—Russia. We owe good faith to both Germany and Russia. I don't say we should give Germany the Nobel prize for starting, horribly prosecuting and finally losing the war, but justice, not vengeance should be our aim. We want no war-after-the-war of crippling and ruin.

These considerations, it seems, are being canvassed at Paris. French panic, hate and fear, we hear, are being measurably eliminated from both the instruments in negotiation. If they should be, both covenant and treaty should be approved. The test of the covenant

will come in the application of it under the eyes of the world. The treaty we can pass upon when we know more about it. The outlander world will not be given to Great Britain to administer under the covenant. This country will not fight her battles. This country remains sovereign over itself in all things and it will wash its hands of any league that shows signs of being used for British or other imperialism. The League of Nations is chiefly a danger if Germany and Russia are kept out of it by the making of conditions impossible of fulfillment. Take them in as soon, not as late, as possible, and let us assume their good faith, as they must assume ours.

Let us not throw peace to the wolves solely because we don't like the way the President has gone about getting it, because he talked bigger than he was able to do, because he makes war in Russia out of his private war-fund, because he ignores the Senate and makes the peace commission a kitchen cabinet affair. Let the critics of covenant and treaty raise all the hell they will. It's all to the good—as late stories from Paris about modification of the peace abundantly prove. It is this discussion of the peace that will make the peace democratic. And if it be not democratic it will be no peace at all.

A democratic peace means a peace of justice to Germany and to Russia. Any other will flame forth soon into war and revolution.

♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The Mooney Strike

THE proposal of a general sympathetic strike in favor of the release of Tom Mooney, convicted and sentenced for participation in the San Francisco preparedness parade murder, is a picturesque one. It involves, however, a breaking of trades union contracts with employers all over the country, which would be a perpetration of many injustices to register protest against, as alleged, one injustice. The strike would be against the processes of justice, therefore against the government itself. It would not be a strike but a revolution. That the country wants a revolution may be doubted. The labor unions have voted upon the strike, but we do not know whether that vote was yes or nay. The possibility that it is yes is disconcerting to those who understand the breadth and depth of present unrest. The subject will come up at the annual conference of the American Federation of Labor, now in session at Atlantic City, N. J. The Federation has applauded the annual address of President Gompers condemning violence as a means to redress grievances, and from this it may be deduced that the Federation would be opposed to the strike for Mooney, but on the other hand, union laborites do not assent to the proposition that a strike is violence. There are people who believe a strike for Mooney would be nothing more than the exercise of the "recall of court decisions," which no less a person than Theodore Roosevelt approved a few years ago. Of course it would not be a recall by orderly process of law. What is to be done about it, if the strike should be ordered and carried out? The courts will not reverse their decision, save by due process provided. If the courts refuse to take cognizance of the strike and the strike proceeds to violence, order will have to be maintained, that all law may not be destroyed to correct one case of bad law. The situation and condition are dangerous. Mooney was

sentenced to punishment in spite of disclosures of methods in obtaining conviction that cast a doubt upon his guilt. Plain perjury against him was proved. First sentenced to death, Mooney's punishment was commuted to imprisonment, in recognition of the protest against the perjury contributing to his conviction. The perjury stands in the record. Doubt of Mooney's guilt is not removed. That doubt is a reasonable one, though the jury that tried Mooney did not hold it. The perjury and subornation thereof are undisputed. It was plain enough to entitle Mooney to a reversal of his conviction, but the proof of perjury was not in the record of appeal from conviction, which the supreme court of California affirmed. Mooney should have been pardoned. He could then have been tried on other counts in the murder case and into such a trial the perjured evidence against him could not enter. If convicted then, it would not have been on a basis of that perjured evidence. As things stand Mooney was convicted of murder on evidence so questionable that the governor of California would not let him be hanged upon it, but the evidence was held to be good enough to justify his imprisonment. This is not justice. Though Mooney be guilty, he is not proved so beyond reasonable doubt, not even to the governor of California. Mooney should be pardoned, and, if necessary, tried again. The governor should have issued the pardon long ago. He should do so before the threatened strike. Even if it were to be said he acted through fear, his action would be just.

♦♦

Our Community Opera

St. Louis enters upon a venture of deepest social significance next week, inaugurating a six weeks' season of opera at the Municipal Theater in Forest Park. The operas to be presented at popular prices were selected by popular vote. The companies presenting them are composed for the most part of St. Louis singers. The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra will render the music. The enterprise is financed by popular subscription and the theater was built by the city out of taxes. The people have taken seats for the entire series of performances with a spontaneity of response to the preparations that makes certain the enterprise will be as great a success as the famous pageant of some years ago. The setting of the operas is ideally idyllic and the provisions for the gratification of magnitudinous audiences are made upon a scale commensurate with the occasion. The operas to be presented are, in their order, "Robin Hood," "The Bohemian Girl," "El Capitan," "Fra Diavolo," "The Mikado" and "Carmen"—popular, but good music, all of them. This is probably the largest enterprise in the way of community aesthetics ever undertaken in this country. Its outcome will be watched with the keenest interest by all those who have believed that such efforts are best calculated to promote the true socialization and solidarity of communal life. It is a way of bringing art to the people, the people to art and, above all things else, getting the people sympathetically together.

♦♦

Maiming Missouri

GOVERNOR GARDNER has been slashing appropriations made by the recently adjourned legislature of Missouri. He has cut them to \$2,600,000, which is still about \$1,000,000 more than the expectancy of the revenue. The *Globe-Democrat* says: "The educational, penal and eleemosynary institutions are all heavily hit. Improvements proved to be necessary must be abandoned. Appropriations for support of the

newly authorized home for neglected children; pensions for the blind and pensions for ex-Confederate soldiers were vetoed, but the appropriation to increase salaries of clerks in the departments, passed under irregular circumstances, was approved, on the ground of increased cost of living." The things sacrificed in order that political appointees may be taken care of, are worthy of attention. No matter who or what suffers the machine must be greased. Not that anyone can reasonably object to better pay for public servants to meet rising prices, but the big boost to the pay-roll might have been worked out without adding to the state's total expenses. The Governor is not solely to blame. The legislature went ahead appropriating money though he had told that body he would veto items in the bills. But the Governor did not make a stand to a finish for the legal assessment of property in Missouri at its actual money value. He sacrificed the Tax Commission, which recommended such equal assessments in all the counties of the state. Moreover the Governor has been unable to get the State Board of Equalization to meet and equalize assessments. The Board should have acted in February, but has not met yet. The explanation given is that one of its members is a candidate for a federal judgeship and it wouldn't help him to that office, if he should again vote in the Board for a program of equalization which recognizes assessment of similar properties at different rates in various counties. His former votes for such a plan have cooked opposition to his appointment. Such equalization is in absolute violation of the law for assessment at actual money value. The failure of the Board to meet has held up all taxation in Missouri for 1919. The county assessors do not know on what basis they are to proceed. In every community almost there is a shortage of funds pending receipt of taxes. Improvements are postponed. Institutions are on short rations. The legislature refused to act so as to make the State Board of Equalization comply with the law, and in spite of popular complaint and the state's needs, voted away money the state could not raise. The Governor could have forced the legislature to act if he had appealed to the people. He temporized with and finally succumbed to the politicians and now when he cuts the appropriation bills he is careful not to touch the sums voted to the state's employees. He could have put through a plan for honest, equal taxation, if he had "gone to the mat" with the politicians. He could have forced the Board of Equalization to recognize equality of rates upon the same subjects of taxation everywhere in the state. He is a member of the board, but more concerned not to put the attorney general in a hole, than with the equal taxation question. The attorney general who ignores and violates the tax law is not fit to be attorney general, much less a federal judge. His record as an "equalizer" proves this. The Governor has been playing too much politics. It's fun for him but it's tough on the public. The Governor is holding back the state's progress by laying down to the politicians in and out of the legislature.

♦♦

Missouri's Next Senator

DEMOCRATIC politicians are trying to pick the next candidate for United States Senator. Suppose the masses of the party should take a hand and select Frank P. Walsh? Think of his record in service of the people. Could the opposition hope to defeat him? Think it over.

A New England Prophet

By Charles B. Mitchell

THE late Mr. Galileo once remarked, under circumstances rather more painful than interesting, that "the world still moved," in spite of opposition in some influential quarters. The church, both Catholic and Protestant, has sometimes made its boast that it did not move; that it could not, being the custodian of what a New Testament writer calls "The faith once-for-all delivered to the saints." But a series of happenings in old Massachusetts within the last few weeks has shown that one denomination of Christians, at least, is getting enough of a move on to make its action interesting to a MIRROR audience. The report of Dean Charles R. Brown, of the Yale School of Religion, on the strike situation in Lawrence, Mass., this spring, which is published in *The Congregationalist* of Boston for June 5th, 1919, indicates that there is a growing radicalism within the churches which needs to be taken into account by those who are hoping for a better America tomorrow. And the history of the report is as interesting as its contents.

The Massachusetts State Congregational Conference has a standing committee, made up, I believe, of both ministers and laymen, on Moral and Social Reform. When the Lawrence strike developed into a social conflict which was attracting the attention of the country, that committee asked Dean Brown to go to Lawrence, investigate the situation, and make a written report to the committee. Dean Brown confesses that when he started in on the job he was prejudiced against the strikers. He seems to have read only one side of the case.

But Dean Brown, who was a prominent and successful preacher and writer, a favorite with thinking men, and a Yale lecturer on "the social gospel" before he settled down as a professor in the religious training school, is a live wire, mentally. He has an open mind. He knows a fact when he sees it. He thinks straight, when he once gets the facts before him. He spent three days in Lawrence, talking with mill owners, strikers, policemen, judges, and attending union and strike meetings. He came away a hot advocate of a different kind of a plan of dealing with labor from that which the Lawrence mill owners had pursued, and in his report he spoke straight from the shoulder, criticising in no uncertain words the selfish spirit of the employers, the brutality of the police and the indifference of the citizenry of the city.

The committee presented the report to the annual meeting of the State Congregational Conference, at Northampton, Mass., during the third week in May, and recommended its adoption and circulation throughout the conference. They suggested that the report be published in *The Congregationalist*, and that a copy be sent to each Congregational minister in Massachusetts. Only one vote was cast against it.

I hope the report will be circulated throughout the whole United States. It deserves to be widely known. And I wish to comment on a few of its revelations, not to make this article too lengthy. The first of these is the assumption of Dean Brown that religion has something to do with running a factory. It used to be said that "religion is religion, and business is business." The mill owners are still saying that in Lawrence. One of them asked Dean Brown what business of his it was how they ran their mills? And along with their assumption that religion has nothing to do with such questions and issues, they assumed that the whole thing was "their own private affair, with which the public had no concern." Time was when practically every minister would have agreed with the mill owners in these contentions. That one of the most prominent ministers in the whole country, in an influential denomination, considers the very statement of such contentions their sufficient refutation, indicates that the world is moving—and the church is coming along. Of course one

swallow doesn't make a summer. But it is a pretty good indication of spring.

The second significant fact is, that "Bolshevism" is not confined to the labor movement. It has been easy, in the past, for the capitalists to be loyal. They have controlled the government for many years. But now that other influences are also becoming powerful in politics—well, Dean Brown says that "the bitterest arraignment of the United States Government which I have heard anywhere, at any time during the last two years, came from the lips of one of the mill managers in Lawrence. The grounds of his disaffection as he stated them to me were the wickedness (?) of the government in taxing excess profits and "the insanely generous attitude of Wilson toward the labor unions."

It may seem a loose use of the word "Bolshevism" to connect it with wealthy, well-dressed, church-attending citizens, like the mill owners and managers of Lawrence. The word is usually supposed to belong to the sphere of the great unwashed. Dean Brown does not use it once in his whole report—and thereby earns the gratitude of those who are tired of the phrases connected with and including the word, which we hear flung around us on every side; but its application to the Lawrence capitalists is at least as accurate as seventy-five per cent of its usage in current social discussion, and Dean Brown does not hesitate to charge that the employers of labor in Lawrence are doing a great deal to promote the spread of the simon-pure article. The whole committee, in submitting the report to the Conference, backed him up in this respect. "In the light of the above report," said the committee, "the committee wishes to add that the industrial situation therein depicted constitutes a menace, and affords a most favorable opportunity for professional agitators to sow the seeds of lawlessness, whose fruitage would overthrow the institutions of government."

His account of the brutality of the police is direct and forceful. He characterizes the mill owners as "men who are denouncing their own national government and using the local police for gaining (sometimes in lawless and brutal fashion) their own ends." What Lawrence laboring man could ever have any respect or reverence for the agents of law-enforcement in his city, when he knew—and Dean Brown backs up affidavit the facts I am just going to refer to—that a striker, who was just back from France, still in uniform of the United States army, when found by the police in the picket line, was arrested, and not only beaten up on the way to the police station, but beaten up again by a squad of policemen who took him out of his cell for that purpose, one of them urging the others to finish the job which the Germans hadn't finished on him?

"These things," Dean Brown comments, "were not done in Petrograd or Moscow by the irresponsible agents of anarchy—they were done in the city of Lawrence, Mass., in the United States of America, by the members of a police force which up to this time has not been officially reprimanded for its action. The seriousness of such occurrences needs no comment. The breaking down of respect for constituted authority becomes a matter of grave concern."

Of course I am not calling attention to this report because it contains any facts which were not generally known to fair-minded students of contemporary history; or because it formulates any constructive policy of economic reform. The source of this report, and its history, are what make it interesting. That such a report should be made by a professor in a theological seminary, and that the State Conference of the leading Protestant denomination in a conservative New England state—the state of Speaker Gillette and Senator Lodge—should have adopted it with only one dissenting vote, make it a sign of the times; and a very encouraging one. (We all recall the new social programme of the board of Catholic bishops.) It means that the best men in the churches are lining up with the

social reformers. They may not be very radical as yet in their projects of reform, but such criticism of "things as they are," from such a source, officially distributed, will mightily strengthen the hands, and should encourage the hearts of those of us who are doing what we can towards a real "reconstruction." The American people usually take the side of decency and justice, at least as they understand the question, when a moral issue is placed before them; and such criticism as Dean Brown's makes a clear moral issue for the American people to decide: whether the men who hire labor in the cheapest market and sell their products in the dearest, use the police to break strikes which their own arbitrariness and selfishness have caused, and tell the public to be damned when it tries to interfere, shall control American industry; or whether they shall be blown by the explosive of popular moral indignation out of the twentieth century, after the manner of the "Connecticut Yankee," back into the Dark Ages, where they belong.

Mandatories

By Silas Bent

WHILE Napoleon sat amid the shards at St. Helena, a League of Nations was formed in Europe with "no other object than the maintenance of peace." "The policy of the powers, in their mutual relations, ought to be guided by the sublime truths taught by the eternal religion of God our Savior," said the covenant of the league. It spoke of "the precepts of justice and charity," and declared that the powers signatory looked "upon each other as brothers." This was the Holy Alliance, and it gave birth, a century ago, to the mandatory system as an international instrumentality.

The mandate, as a power of attorney in private affairs, was not a new legal device, even then. It was derived, in fact, from the old Roman law, out of which grew British and Continental common law. But in the Roman law the holder or executor of a mandate was called a procurator, and in the Middle Ages that term was applied to so many offices that the term mandatory was coined instead. *Mandatire*, the French called it. The Holy Alliance internationalized the mandatory system.

The French revolution and the American revolution had set the world afire, and the governing powers of Europe felt the need of a league to make the world a decent place for autocrats to live in. The leading spirit of their league was the Prince von Metternich, and to his government was intrusted a mandate to restore peace in Italy, where citizens of Naples and the province of Piedmont were embarrassing Ferdinand even to the point of signing a bill of constitutional rights. The mandate, as it existed then, was little more than a police order. Metternich had promulgated the doctrine of "legitimacy" of government, meaning government by divine right, not by consent; and so, to execute this mandate he sent Austrian armies gleefully enough into Italy to quell the revolt. The Bourbon monarchy was restored in short order, and Ferdinand took a shameful revenge upon the revolutionists. A little later, in 1821, France received a mandate from the league to restore the monarchy in Spain, and did so by the bloody suppression of a revolution there.

All this is worth repeating only because the present-day mandatory system may be said to have flowered from the functioning of that infamous league, as a rose may spring from a dung heap. The Holy Alliance was profoundly disturbed over the spirit of independence manifest in this hemisphere, and finally decided to hold one of its congresses to decide what should be done about it. That was why James Monroe, soldier, statesman and then President of the United States, formulated the doctrine which bears his name and which forbade European powers to extend to this continent their colonial and political systems.

Incidentally, repeating the phrases which Wash-

ington and Adams had popularized, Monroe said that this Government should never become embroiled in European diplomacy. That fact has been offered frequently as an argument against American participation in a League of Nations. But Monroe's main intention was not so much to hold America aloof from Europe as to warn European powers that they must keep hands off the new fledged South American republics, which had just followed our example and thrown off the yoke of oppression. The Monroe Doctrine meant, as a matter of fact, that the United States voluntarily imposed upon itself a mandate to see that there should be no imperial aggression against stripling self-governments among the Latins on this hemisphere. The United States of America, itself hardly more than a stripling, guaranteed protection and a fair chance to these younger republican children. It was a colossal bluff. On a showdown Europe would have taken the pot. That the bluff was not called probably was due to the fact that Europe was too busy with her own insubordinate subjects. The United States remains, in a limited sense, the mandatary for the South American republics.

Then, when the Germans seized Kiao-Chau in 1897, John Hay evolved the new political doctrine of equal commercial opportunity for all nations in China, for he perceived that thus China's safety from partition could best be guaranteed. The other powers, including Germany, subscribed to the theory of the open door. It has remained a theory, however, and the Peace Conference has definitely repudiated it so far as Kiao-Chau is concerned. But out of the open door policy, as it applies in general to backward countries, and out of the Monroe Doctrine in so far as it safeguards weak nations against foreign rapacity, has come nevertheless the true modern system of mandates involving stewardship.

For at the Peace Conference the British amplified and applied these American doctrines. Apparently General Smuts was first to think of the mandatory system, but it was advocated also by that group of which Lord Robert Cecil was the center. So far as can be seen at this distance the American delegation had nothing to do at Paris with its formulation nor with the general scheme of the League of Nations. The mandates, under this scheme, are of three kinds: In the first, States not strong enough to stand alone, such as Armenia, may have a voice in the selection of the mandatary, and are to govern themselves with its advice and help. In the second, the mandatary is to exercise governmental and administrative power, as we did in Cuba, but under the direction of the League of Nations; and it is pledged to maintain the open door for commerce, religion and ideas. Some of the former German colonies in Africa afford examples. In the third, the territory is absorbed outright by the "mandatary" into its realm, and in that case the system is simply the old imperialism rechristened. Shantung and the Pacific Islands formerly under German dominion are examples.

Only to the most optimistic can the procedure in regard to Kiao-Chau be anything but disquieting. China had declared war against Germany, and the treaty wrested from her under threat, by which the Germans had occupied Shantung, thereby automatically ceased. Shantung reverted to China. It was not the Peace Conference's to give away. The Japanese had no just claim to it. The award, therefore, smacks so strongly of the methods pursued by the Holy Alliance at the Congress of Vienna as to arouse grave misgivings for the future of the Far East. But at least the League of Nations, from its seat at Geneva, is to keep an eye on Shantung, and the hopeful may hope for the best. Germany might very well ingratiate herself with China, and take a long stride toward the recovery of her trade in that quarter of the world, by urging the League to restore Shantung to the Chinese.

It is in the first and second kinds of mandates that the League gives its best promise for the preserva-

tion of peace. If the open door is maintained in the fallow regions of the world, where those commercial rivalries and privileges arise which lead so often to armed conflict, a great advance will have been made toward the goal which is the ostensible aim of the League. But the open door is now a conspicuous clause in a score of treaties, including practically all those affecting China. So far it has been nothing more than a vocal expression of virtuous intent, with no conviction back of it. That attitude must change. If this policy can be made a living actuality, swords may indeed be beaten into plowshares.

Already some shortcomings are manifest in the covenant of the League, and unless they are remedied in the charters handed to the mandataries, there must still be doubt about them. For the nine hundred thousand square miles wrested from German "protection" in Africa, for instance, no provision is made that the natives shall enjoy undisputed possession of their lands. Now, the slave system in Africa still exists, as a form of peonage; and the price of land there is often determined, not by its fertility or resources, but by the number of Africans living on it. Its value is computed chiefly on the basis of their labor. Unless the mandatory charter provides that the natives shall have unimpaired title to their villages and homes, their graveyards and places of worship; and unless it is stipu-

lated that unimproved or waste realty shall be theirs unless employed for their benefit and an increase of their revenue, not for the benefit of the mandatary or its favorites, peonage may be expected to continue. The League covenant prohibits slave trading but not slave owning. The charters in Africa should be more specific.

The covenant prohibits also the liquor traffic, the sale of arms and munitions, and the training of natives for warfare, in these districts, but all the clauses are leaky generalities. Should it not be specified, for instance, that the open door shall include equal opportunity for all bidders on public work? Or is the mandatary nation to decide that tenders from its nationals only will be considered? If Americans are the sole competitors for public building or other construction in Armenia (provided this government accepts that mandate), Armenia will become an American "sphere of influence," and the most vicious manifestation of the old imperialism will be perpetuated.

In spite of these superficial faults in the covenant itself, the mandatory system remains the most hopeful achievement of the Paris conference. It promises a safe basis for the commercial penetration of backward countries without their political destruction. If courageously and openly operated it will ring the death knell to the old international spoils system.

The Educational Revolution

By Harlan E. Read

President of Brown's Business Colleges, Author of "Salesmanship," "The Abolition of Inheritance," etc.

THE last generation has been signaled by an educational evolution. A movement in favor of the practical and the useful is carrying everything before it. I think that when the history of our time shall be written by those of another day, the great change in the educational thought of the world will be recorded as one of the most significant movements of this period.

During the three or four hundred years previous to this generation, the nature and purposes of universities and colleges were practically unchanged. Universities were intended to train preachers, lawyers, and literary "gents;" with an occasional prince, duke or count. *Amo, amas, amat*, was laboriously bored into the nineteenth century child as it had lulled children to sleep when the earth was flat. Philosophy, theology, and the dead languages held the floor. The mediaeval conception of what a college is for, remained the same from Shakespeare to Abraham Lincoln, neither of whom went to school. Courses of study were altered slightly, but the educator's conception of education remained the same—aristocratic, pedantic, and useless. In their attitude to common folks the scholarly tribe did not even have what our friend Woodrow calls the "spirit of accommodation."

Yet in the intervening centuries the lance and coat of mail were exchanged for the Gatling gun, as the Fourth of July orator expresses it. The forked stick gave way to the McCormick reaper, the horse and carriage to the automobile, the astrologer to the Presbyterian, the mixture of toad's-foot and snake's fang to chloroform and formaldehyde. Rabelais and Chaucer were superseded by the delicate humor of Dickens and Mark Twain. Kings were harnessed and the people began to rule.

The European of the sixteenth century, could he have returned to his native land thirty years ago, would have found the least change in the institutions that should have changed most—the universities.

But in the generation just passed, the world, and

especially the United States, has started upon a campaign of instruction in business, agriculture, and the manual arts that is more significant in many respects than any other of the multitude of reforms now confronting us.

This revolution in education is wrecking such schools and colleges as do not serve the people. It is a movement to compel our educational institutions to fit students for real life and service.

When the need of reform first became evident, it threw our educators into a perfect fury of *reform by enlargement and variation*, rather than a reform of *ideals and principles*. Little was cut out; much was added; and for a time the effect was complexity and chaos. We tried to meet the issue by enlarging the field of studies from which to select. We kept most of what was bad in the old courses of study—notably the *spirit and general aim* of them—and added a lot more that was bad—hoping to arrive at the good and the useful by having more that was useless to select from. And what was worse—the domination of our universities, which had always been the Old Man of the Sea, on the back of common education, led our public schools into the same fault, namely, a failure to analyze and accommodate themselves to the needs of the nineteen out of twenty who quit before finishing the eighth grade. For that's the record—in round numbers, twenty million who enter the first grade and one million who graduate from the eighth!

Why is this so? I shall name three mistakes of the public school that seem to me responsible.

The first is the slighting of elementals. There are few things more pathetic than the case of a person of industrious disposition, who has spent many years, perhaps, at a great cost, securing an education that proves to be valueless when applied to the practical problems of life. There are many such, and it is the eighth wonder of the world to me that those chiefly interested in the reform of our school methods have spent so much time in devising and introducing new subjects for study,

which are good enough for universities but bad for grade schools, and so little time in cutting out what could so easily and happily be spared.

It can be laid down as a fundamental proposition that those studies are most valuable which can be most readily applied to practical purposes. One must learn to express his thoughts in language that can be clearly understood; he must learn to write these thoughts legibly on paper; when necessary he must learn to handle figures so that he can properly manage his financial affairs. This means that he must be fundamentally versed in what we used to call the three Rs—reading, writing, and 'rithmetic. Beyond this he must learn first the special things that are suited to the particular calling he chooses in life, and second, those things most appropriate to the intellectual pleasures he may seek. I believe most people will agree that these are the fundamental requirements of education, and that our failure with these bread-and-butter topics is the initial failure of our public schools.

The second thing responsible for the educational death-rate is uniformity. I believe there is much that is useless—much time that is wasted—in our public schools on account of our system of promotions. If a boy is a numbskull in arithmetic we keep him back in geography; if he is feeble in a history class we keep him back, not only in history, but in reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, and physiology. The point seems to be not so much to teach him, as to punish him and this is wrong—terribly, abominably, inexcusably wrong. It ought to grieve the learned professors to the heart to see an ingenious, hustling boy of fourteen, who can add up a column of figures like chained lightning, and spell every word in the dictionary, kept back in the fifth grade, because—like Keats—he can't remember whether it was Balboa or Cortez who discovered the Pacific Ocean; or to see a sweet girl who can sing like a nightingale and read like a poet, made to stand with her face to the wall, because she doesn't know the capital of Beloochistan. Now, honestly, do you know the capital of Beloochistan? The object of this nefarious method of "teaching" seems to be to prevent a child from progressing along one line, because he can't proceed equally well along another.

We send students into school "fifty abreast" and, having militaristic ideas, we keep them that way, all keeping step to the same drum, the long and short together, the artistic girl and the mechanical boy trudging side by side in every study alike. God made them different, but we know better. We have our educational machine, and if they don't fit it we will conquer them! It must be done. It would not do to admit that God was right!

As to the excuses offered for our system of classifying by grades, I have never heard but two.

One is that the small number of teachers and the larger number of students make this system absolutely necessary, unless we double our school taxes, which the honest voter refuses to consent to.

The plain answer to this is that it is not true. The business colleges prove it. They prove it by accepting for enrollment any student qualified to pursue the branch in which he is interested, without regard to his progress in other branches. They prove it by allowing each student to proceed in each study without regard to his progress in other studies. A business college teacher who would refuse to accept a student in bookkeeping until he had attained excellence in geography would be as unusual as a public school teacher who would do the opposite. The technical arrangement of classes to accommodate students, as opposed to the murdering of students to fit classes, is one of the three reasons why business colleges continue to grow. It is as easy, mechanically speaking, to give each teacher a *subject*, as to assign her a *grade*. And with the *subject* arrangement, a boy who belongs in the fifth grade in arithmetic and third grade in reading, can be easily accommodated. In proof, the

business colleges *do it*; and they have grown until they teach at least one-fourth as many students as the high schools, with no larger proportion of teachers. And these students pay from \$100 to \$125 a year for the *same subjects* that are taught in high schools free.

The other excuse is "mental discipline." If I could name the crimes committed in behalf of "mental discipline" I could write from now till the millenium. Only one in twenty of the children who enter the first grade graduate from the eighth. And the thing that throws them out more than any other thing, except poverty, is "mental discipline." Our pedagogues would rather throw out students than bend their stiff necks to the law of nature that some boys can study geography and can't master history, while some girls can read and can't spell! Yet, I have seen original manuscripts of Abraham Lincoln with misspelled words on them! I know a half-wit in Morgan County, Illinois, who can write a beautiful signature; and you can't read Horace Greeley's.

Why should we continue to treat our children as the giant treated his guests, by fitting them in his bed and either cutting off their feet if they were too short or stretching their legs till the bones broke if they were too tall? There is a reasonable limit to which compulsion should be used in selection of the common branches for children; but why continue the practice until you deform the child?

William Hawley Smith wrote a book entitled "All the Children of All the People" (Macmillan), which I consider one of the greatest books on education that the world has produced. If he has left this idea of "grades and uniformity" a leg to stand on, it's a badly broken leg. And the book—what a book it is! I hope every reader of these lines will get that book and read it. I wish I could put it in the hands of every teacher in America.

It is in the ideas of that book, some of which I am expressing here, that we may find the hope of the generation to come, so far as the democratization of education is concerned. And the future of the world is so much the same as the future of education, that no man or woman who looks forward can afford to let those ideas die that are so notably expressed in "All the Children of All the People."

But to go on. My third charge is that the public school fails to serve because of its own servility. Its master is not life, but the universities! The universities existed for centuries before the preparatory schools came, and it was only natural, when these preparatory schools were established, that they should adopt courses of study that would enable *their* graduates to enter the *universities*. Then, when our compulsory public schools were established (which was within the memory of thousands now living) *they* adopted courses of study that would enable *their* graduates to enter the *preparatory schools*, and the *high schools*. Thus, you see, the whole pyramid was built *upside down*! The colleges and universities dictated to the academies and the high schools, and *still do so*, and the high schools dictated to the public schools, and *still do so*, so that from the time a child toddled to the first grade with slate and primer book, his course was cut out in conformity with the demands of the higher institutions, by a teacher who couldn't get a regular sure 'nuff position as a high-class educator unless he had himself graduated from one of these institutions, and was soaked in their philosophies of life until he was "water-logged."

We can thank God, I think, for the rebellion against this that is now going on in the grade schools themselves, and in a few notable instances in the high schools also, as at Gary, Indiana, where Mr. Wirt has been modernizing things; the chief impulse of rebellion, as could be expected, comes from the outside, from the business colleges, as I have already suggested. Education must fit the child for life, not for graduation. The chief end of

schooling should be to fit the student best for useful living when he quits school, and if he must quit at sixteen or eighteen, he should take with him not the broken fragments of what he could have completed at twenty-two, but a training that is rounded out, as well as may be, at the time he discontinues it. If his education is to have only three stories instead of four, let the third story have a roof on it.

The educational revolution is in full swing. It is too slow for the student; too fast for the teacher; but it is here. Children are beginning to be educated for life. The war started the democratizing of many things. May we not hope, again phrasing ourselves Wilson-like, that the public schools will get their share of the reconstruction benefits?

Things as They Ain't

By Charles J. Finger

ONE day Cunningham Grahame charged a solid phalanx of London police. Massed democracy that should have supported him became discreet just before the shock of battle. On the other side of the square a young man from Chile also charged, but a blow from a baton laid him low. Grahame appeared the next morning before a police magistrate and received for his errant conduct six weeks' imprisonment. The other fellow woke up in a hotel room and saw before him a tall man, clothed in a dress suit and a silk hat, who, after tending the dazed one, spake somewhat in this voice:

"Young man, you must be released from the fog of ignorance and superstition, but first, you must see. How shall you see? I see by being impressed by what I see. Did I see you charging a body of police? I did not. My ego impressed an unguided love of truth attacking entrenched authority. How is my ego impressed? By having an internal perception in association with the external physical, mental or aspirational presentation."

There was much more in similar vein, and George Bernard Shaw, to whom a copy of this MIRROR is being sent, will recall the Ollendorffian gentleman who styled himself "The Comprehension Association." An excellent fellow in many ways, he had the strange belief that one saw, not what he looked at, but some other associated thing. "If I look at Red," he said, "I see the sound of a trumpet—a call to arms—the number three." Colonel Wilson had sold his ranch in Texas and devoted his wealth, time and energy to the spread of this gospel. The world across which he moved was a procession of symbols. All that he saw had its hidden meaning, and everything he read held an occult story. Probably were you to recite the tragic tale of "Three Blind Mice" to him, he would have discovered, hidden in your words, some mystic reference to the Three Wise Kings of the East.

Colonel Wilson's attitude is, perhaps, not so rare as at first blush it might appear. There are others of similar mental make-up. Lombroso, for example, once told us that where we saw a genius, he beheld an insane person. Then there was Max Nordau, who saw nothing but degenerates in those we called poets, playwrights and authors. Dr. Moll, again, worried many parents for a time with a book now almost forgotten. Yet, under its spell, did the baby but thrust its thumb into its mouth, our very hearts stood still, for had we not read that "thumb sucking is a sign of sexual depravity." So it looked for a while as though we were raising a generation of Messalinas and Arria Marcellas, and we trembled. A dire division of a New Family of Jukes rose before us, if we did but swat a fly in the presence of the baby, and we beheld the sleeping infant as one vainly struggling with the evil spell fatally coiling around him. We "registered dismay," fearing what we could not see.

But the children grew up somehow and did tolerably well in varied ways, and, in addition to outdoor sports, took an active interest in literature. Ever watchful, though while favoring the free and unrestricted dissemination of knowledge, we supported a private family Index Expurgatorius, by dint of putting "Susan Lenox" on the top shelf, and sticking George Moore's "A Story Teller's Holiday" behind the Ninth Edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and hiding "Psychopathia Sexualis" in the attic with "September Morn" and the lithograph that our pet bar-tender gave us, it seemed that we were on the right path.

Then came a new blow. As the little dog *Fenris*, in the German myth, grew to be a monster wolf that threatened the universe, so has literature that we thought harmless been shown to us in the guise of a foul, devouring monster conceived in eroticism. Wherefore, in the volume that bore Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," the youth of the family will henceforth find a black sticker, and across the top of the page that once held the "Ode to a Skylark," the words "deleted by the Censor" for these poems that we vainly imagined exemplified the poet's power of embodying in musical language a passing mood in such a way as to reproduce the feeling in the reader, we are told were nothing more nor less than tractates on free love!

Had it not been for the guidance provided for us in "The Erotic Motive in Literature" by Albert Mordell (Boni and Liveright), we might have read either or both of these aloud in the family circle. Henceforth, therefore, in all well regulated households, Percy Bysshe must be relegated to the companionship of "September Morn." As for that former favorite, "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," the sooner it is expunged from school books, the better. For, as Mordell tells us (page 163), the sexual significance can be seen in the rhythmic swing. Neither is Tennyson nor Ruskin any safer, and it goes without saying, that the old ruffian, Whitman, is unmentionable.

Looking a little ahead and conceding that erotic influences in literature are dangers to public morals, and feeling that national prohibition being safely established, our censors must seek a new outlet for their energies, it can be confidently expected that before long, we may see such passages as this in the public press.

CINCINNATI, October 3rd, 1921.—The Society for the Preservation of Public Morals, today seized the entire edition of the Locomotive Dictionary and Cyclopaedia. The Postmaster General also excluded the advertisements of the Buda Company and the publication called *The Railway Age* from the mails. This action is understood to be taken because it has been shown in the recent evidence of Mordell given before the Senate Committee, that an undue interest in machinery must evince a sexual meaning. The condition is exacerbated by the fact that a large number of popular sexual terms are taken from instruments in the machine shop.

Extravagant exaggeration, do you say? Not a bit of it. Turn to page 159 of "The Erotic Motive" if you doubt.

Or we may yet read something like this:

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 30th, 1923.—Our correspondent at the Capitol writes that Senator Sumner is at the head of a League the purpose of which is to discourage all scenic descriptions in the advertising literature put forth by railroads in their evil designs on public morals. Yesterday, before the Senate Committee, the expert Mordell testified that landscape and trees have a definite sexual significance. Crepe will in future be hung before all paintings that evince any disposition to this form of viciousness.

Read Chapter XI of "The Erotic Motive in Literature."

Charlie Chaplin, too, must avoid, in future, those tricks with his walking stick that have in the past raised such lascivious mirth, for the ubiquitous instrument that he handles so cleverly doubtless gives pain, and the source of the glee we feel at such times is a sadistic one. (Page 143.) The puzzle that appears in newspapers must also be suppressed, for the desire of the child to work them out is

simply a "phase of sublimated masochism." (Sec. 3, Chap. X.)

Mordell writes interestingly and "there is not a dull page in his book," but like the old gentleman who called himself "The Comprehension Association," he sees things that others do not. Summarized, his theory is that every man is a bundle of unconscious memories. These reach far into the distant past. The effort of expression is determined to a great degree by these unconscious memories, and as love and its satisfaction form a great part of human and animal experience, the erotic in literature becomes an unescapable fact. That is the theory in the rough.

But there are other modes of expression as well as literary ones. Haeis, for instance, insists that music begins where speech ends. If that is so, to what erotic influence will Mordell ascribe the creation on a Bach fugue? What unsatisfied sexual instinct led to the composition of Handel's "Messiah?" And if architecture is frozen music, what sadistic impulse prompted the vision of a Cathedral at Rheims? What sublimated masochism tortured the mind of the engineer who calculated stresses and strains for the Brooklyn bridge?

♦♦♦

Diana of the Eaves

By Mary Granville

IT was a beautiful web that hung in my window. The suspension cords on one side were over a yard in length; the web, which hung nearer the roof of the lower building, must have been over eighteen inches in diameter.

How could a spider have succeeded in bridging the space, over a twenty-foot drop, between the two buildings? Had she had the intelligence to run around the three sides of a square, formed by the two wings and the main building, and to choose that spot opposite her point of departure to fasten a cord she had spun on the way?

The lower attachments were an easy matter, for immediately under the web a window which opened outwards, had given her support. But this double anchorage on a gutter more than three feet above the web and an equal distance north of it, was a mystery.

The wind was treating the fabric roughly, and as I pondered the matter, the web was torn from its moorings and fell sagging to the wall. It was not wholly lost, however, for the spider rushed out from her ambush under the eaves, caught it, and gathered it in, armful by armful, as a washer-woman does a large sheet from the line. She left not one thread, but, hugging the mass, retreated with it in her arms.

What would she do with so damaged an article? I did not guess it, but she must have spent the morning eating it, after the habit of her race, as I found out later; for when calm followed the storm she was supplied with silk to make another.

Chancing to look out at the right moment I saw Madame—her size denoted her sex—drop off the edge of the gutter; she fell only a few feet and then was up her line, spinning as she went. Reaching the eaves she sat down and waited. Nature was to play a part. The long loop floated in the current of air from below, which was so slight as to be imperceptible to me. It was wafted higher and higher until it caught on the opposite gutter, and the gulf was bridged.

The work of spinning must have proceeded rapidly; being unfortunately called away at the moment I saw nothing of it. When I returned an hour or two later I found Madame ensconced with her legs outstretched in the center of a web as large and as perfect as the first.

Examining her handsome markings of tan and deepest brown velvet through a magnifying glass, I caught the flash of eyes that gleamed like live coals. They were of low vision, exquisite though they were, for she took no notice of the head of a golf club, though it was approached to within two inches

of her. Her indifference to the world seemed supreme, but it was only simulated, for at that moment a fly flew into the web, and with a spring she was on it before it had time to make one effort to free itself from the sticky strands. Seizing it in her hind legs she turned it, rapidly swathing it in the silky tissue which now came like a spray from her spinnerets. Never was bobbin wound more quickly. Satisfied with the trussing, she gave her prey a bite to stop its struggles, and holding it, dropped off the web, but not into space; though she had leaped so swiftly to the chase she had had the forethought to spin a line as she went, with an attachment at the center of the web, and mounting this she returned to her "feeling floor."

Hanging her capture in her larder, she once more took her station with her eight sensitive legs outstretched upon the radiating lines, where they would report the slightest vibration in any part of the web. Of what use would far-seeing eyes be to her?

Wondering if she would attack an inanimate object in the same way, I threw into the net a pellet of paper. She was on it in a flash as she had been on the fly, but detected its nature at once, and placing a foot on the thread of the web, stretched it until the opening was wide enough for her to draw the pellet through without damage to the fabric, and holding it daintily in her hind legs, kicked it off into space.

When tea time came, she took down her victim, and burying her jaws in one vulnerable part of his body after another sucked him dry, throwing his carcass out of the web when she had finished.

So game came, was captured, hung in the larder or devoured, and the light of an electric torch revealed Madame on her feeling floor, still ready to pounce, long after dark. Had she realized when choosing that spot for her web that a light would shine as a beacon to hovering insects from the window behind it? She had proved herself so wise in other ways that one was almost inclined to believe it possible.

Next morning the web was heavy with dew, and the spider was nowhere in sight. Peeping under the eaves I saw her in her ambush, her foot on the telegraph wire that led straight to the center of the web and connected her with every spoke. Presently she came out and seemed to scan the jewelled web with anxiety. Using the telegraph line as a bridge over the adhesive threads of the web, she ran to the centre. Turning to each spoke she picked it, giving it the touch a harpist gives the strings of his instrument. Was she trying to shake off the moisture that the sun was too slow in evaporating?

Selecting a head of game from her larder, she retreated with it to her ambush and began breakfast, a meal I rudely interrupted by throwing a pellet of paper into the web. She appeared on the instant, but being a greater distance from the seat of commotion than she had been the evening before when I tried the experiment, she had time to become aware that the vibration a struggling insect would have caused was absent. She paused before she reached the centre, and being satisfied that there was no live thing in the web she returned to her repast. I made a further effort to trick her; a large fly of a family which presumes to mimic the garb of a wasp lay dead on the window ledge. His wings, long, slender, and beautiful, were erected as in life, and his antennae had an alert expression; throwing him into the web I shook it gently with a wire. The ruse succeeded in part. Madame ran to the centre and made for the prey, but drew off when it failed to struggle in her clutches. She remained some time in contemplation, then returned to her ambush; but she was uneasy and went down to make another investigation; then, stretching the mesh, she pulled the cadaver through the net and cast him away, for dead game does not interest her—the victim must be alive as she sucks it—that is why her poisonous fangs paralyze instead of killing; to her it was mere refuse, an eyesore in the web.—From the London Nation.

Land for the Soldiers

By Lucius Goodspeed

THE land-for-the-soldier proposal, as embodied in the Department of the Interior bill, introduced by Congressman Mondell, will not prevent land speculation and will exclude a large number of men with small means, or none at all, from its benefits, unless it is amended to provide that the government retain title to the land, giving the settler a leasehold based on use and occupancy, and that no initial cash payment be required from the settler.

This, in brief, was the testimony of William Kent, member of the Tariff Commission and a large farmer and stockman, and Western Starr and Carl Brannin, of the Farmers' National Single Tax League, before the House Committee on Public Lands the other day.

That the bill as drawn, to give aid only to soldiers and sailors and exclude other needy citizens, was unfair and likely to build up a favored class, was pointed out to the committee. The land should be opened up to all.

Mr. Kent urged that it was a grave mistake for the proposed settler to be given a fee simple title to the land, since speculative buying and selling of titles would soon spring up and all the evils of farm tenancy and landlordism would soon develop. The best plan, he said, would be for the government to retain title and give the settler a perpetual lease, as is being done in England, New South Wales, Queensland, and South Australia. Under this plan, permanency of use of the land would be guaranteed the farmer and absolute possession of the improvements, but there would be no temptation for him to sell the land at a profit to large land or cattle companies or speculators.

The taxation of land values and the exemption of all improvements was emphasized by the other two speakers as a means of discouraging speculation in land and encouraging its fullest use. Mr. Starr said there is enough land east of the Mississippi River and north of the Ohio that is now held out of use by land speculators or enclosed as farming land but poorly used or not at all, to provide farms for hundreds of thousands of prospective farmers, and it is folly to spend millions of dollars to drain swamps and clear cut-over lands and irrigate the desert to furnish farms for American boys. Under the Single Tax, or some application of the principle, coupled with a plan for government purchase, much of this land could be brought into use, and soldiers and sailors and others placed on it with no initial payment for the land (since a leasehold title would be given) but with an annual ground rent charge.

The recommendation of the California Commission of Immigration and Housing, that a graduated land tax to make the large land holders break up their holdings and not simply the colony plan, should be adopted in dealing with the problem of landlordism and tenancy, was emphasized by Brannin. He cited the stand of the Washington State Grange, the American Society of Equity, the Farmers' National Council, and various labor organizations for a change in our national tax system that would put the burden on the speculator and encourage home and farm owning. A statement issued by the Oakdale Irrigation District in Stanislaus County, California, speaking in highest terms of the experience of the farmers of that district, under a modified system of single tax, was read to the committee. The witness stated that other irrigation districts to the amount of one million acres had adopted the single tax plan to meet their local expenses.

Certain members of the committee, while admitting that land speculation might arise under the terms of the Mondell bill, were impatient of the suggestion that this could be prevented by the taxation of land values exclusive of improvements. They were also disposed to regard the leasehold title instead of the fee simple title as un-American and questionable, in spite of the fact that Secretary of Labor Wilson,

Professor Elwood Mead, Dr. Frederic C. Howe, and many well-known public men and farmers are advocates of the leasehold idea.

Mr. Brannin pointed out that every soldier could be given a farm free, for use but not for sale, if the government, in establishing the farm colonies, would lay out the land of the colony and the adjoining privately held land as a benefit district to pay an unearned increment tax for the purpose of reimbursing the government for the initial cost of the land of the colony. In this way the speculative holder of land adjacent to the colony would not be able to make a profit out of the increase in value of his land as the growth and development of the colony enhanced values in and around it.

A Story

By Babette Deutsch
SAGESSE

THE willow leans to the river,
The buds aquiver;
The wispy clouds are glowing
With sunset going.

You are quiet against my breast
As birds rest.
But the waters are no less stirred
For running unheard.

✧

RITORNELLO

Speak, as for music, softly,
Yet what we may not forget
We shall no more recover;
Those lyric nights are over.

Spring and her panic beauty
Stirs us, but words not hers
Are in our ears, my lover.
Those lyric nights are over.

Between us dimly hover
Fears of old days and years;
And how shall we recover
Yet, what we may not forget?

Occasional Observations

By Horace Flack

XXIII.—THE TYPEWRITER IN POLITICAL HISTORY.

THE study of history from its original documents is educational in various ways—so educational that it is not permitted as long as it is possible to prevent it. The things it is most important for us to know about history as made in this country between 1900 and 1920 are contained in original documents which students of history may be able to reach between 2000 and 2020.

Prior to that time, many will be burned, and every possible effort will be made to make it appear that history was actually made as it is reported in the encyclopedias, college text books and books for the "general reader" with "numerous portraits and illustrations by the best artists."

This effort to suppress original documents will be intelligent and systematic, but in spite of its greatest successes, it will fail for this century as it failed for the eighteenth.

The way eighteenth century documents, long supposed to have been burned, continue to turn up in the most unexpected places, is at times incredible. It almost proves that the impossible as well as the unexpected is sure to happen sooner or later. For example, after everything which seemed to require burning had been burned in a collection of original documents of the eighteenth century, the rest were sent to the paper mill as unimportant. Probably in less than a week they were being carefully sorted and classified as highly important by a collector whose

underground system connected with paper mills in which he had agents regularly employed in view of just such emergencies. He spent so much money on "waste paper" that his mind was supposed to be "affected." But as he was determined that somebody, some time, should have the chance to learn how history was made and why, he and others with minds similarly affected, are likely to be remembered as long as eighteenth century history is studied from its original documents.

However they may differ otherwise, all original documents of the eighteenth century are alike in being products of the quill pen. They are all handmade. They are not mechanical products of the time-saving typewriter.

If I had learned nothing else from them, this alone might have been worth all the study I have given them. The quill pen, as in use for from five hundred to a thousand years in various countries, was supposed to have great advantages over the original reed pen, formed by sharpening a cane-joint to a point fine enough to make capital letters. In using a reed pen, the least carelessness or haste might result in a blot on a costly parchment, which careful work with pumice stone might be required to remove—even if it did not spoil the parchment altogether. A goose quill, kept constantly and carefully sharpened, made possible the beautiful, flowing hand which often appears in eighteenth century manuscripts. But even in the hands of the most expert, a goose quill was likely to begin to splutter as soon as the speed limit was forgotten. As soon as the writer began to write faster than he could think, he might have his eyes filled with ink by the splutter of his pen. So what is now familiar as the "inspirational style" does not characterize politics as studied from original documents of the eighteenth century. It appears, of course, as do all the other diseases to which we are now subject, but it is not epidemic.

As now epidemic, the inspirational style follows the typewriter and develops with its use so generally that it seems impossible to mistake the relation of cause and effect. This is not as mysterious as it seems. Any statesman who does not stammer can talk much faster than he can think. This is subject to test. It can be demonstrated in the next five minutes by any one who has no natural impediment in his speech. After a few weeks' practice in dictating to a stenographer, any one of us might talk more in a single year than we could think in a lifetime. And with a competent operator on the typewriter, "taking" language from our dictation, we may develop eloquence, smooth enough in its fluency to delight us with our powers of composition. In a general way, this illustrates the inspirational style, when the language is rapidly precipitated on paper through the typewriter direct, without the intervention of a stenographer. Any statesman or other superman, using a typewriter for twelve months, is likely to become expert enough on it to develop the inspirational style in a way which to some seems miraculous. One well known and popular author attributed to the typewriter itself the same mysterious and supernatural powers which are claimed for the ouija board. I have previously made observations on his results, when he claimed and, no doubt, supposed that he had written an entire book on the typewriter under the inspiration of "spirits"—with no operation of his mind at all. As "stopping to think" is fatal to the inspirational style, it is not really necessary to assume that any typewriter is under supernatural control. Give the same inspired operator a goose quill, or better still, a reed pen and the supposed connection with Hades, Sheol or Gehenna may disappear at once. I may be mistaken in this. But it can be tested. If a dozen state papers or editorials are written with a quill pen—if then they begin to show symptoms of common sense, I will be convinced that I have found the true cause of the inspirational style as now epidemic in politics, and in newspapers under voluntary censorship.

Books

"European Theories of the Drama" (Stewart and Kidd Co.), by Barrett H. Clark, is a study of the laws governing the technique of the drama, but not treating it from an ethical or aesthetic standpoint. Mr. Clark has made an exhaustive study of the drama, this being his fourth book on the subject. He is thoroughly conversant with the drama of many countries and has made a number of translations of these into English. We can accept his authority in the present volume, which is an anthology of dramatic criticism from Aristotle to the present day. He has considered fifty-four authors, giving in each case a brief biographical sketch as well as the original text of criticism. The criticisms are of Greek, Latin, Spanish, French and English origin, and are so submitted that the interest is never allowed to flag.

Aristotle having before him the models of Greek drama, deduced certain "principles," and all subsequent criticism is more or less an adaptation, an elaboration or a modification of these original principles.

The essence of this whole book is in Mr. Clark's comments, which throw a pleasurable illumination over the entire series of criticisms.

Every page of the book is interesting, tracing the backbone of Aristotle's argument over such space and time. Coming down to the moderns, Maeterlinck sums up the case of the drama with a brevity and philosophy in accord with modern ideas. "Whether a play be static, dynamic, symbolic or realistic is of little consequence. What matters is, that it be well written, well thought out, human, and if possible superhuman."

But of all the critics, the dictum of that old radical, Bernard Shaw, sounds farthest and best. "I am not governed by principles. I am inspired, how or why I cannot explain, because I do not know. I am pushed by a natural need to set to work to write down the conversations that come into my head unaccountably. I discover finally what it is they are driving at, and why they (the persons) have said or done certain things. This is not being guided by principles. It is hallucination, and sane hallucination is what we call drama."

"The Pelicans" (Alfred A. Knopf), by E. M. Delafield is an important addition to the literature on the relation between parents and children. It is good reading, written with a decided masculine touch, and logically sums up the question in the final pages. An enjoyable vein of satire brightens the book, especially when Miss Delafield touches the subject of the friendship of women.

The theme of the story is just how far the "Pelicans," who wound their breasts to nurture their young have the right to extend their authority over their children, even granted that that authority be totally unselfish, and exercised only with the intention of benefit.

"It is give, give, give, on the mother's part and take, take, take by the children," says Bertha Tregaskis, who tried in vain to bend her children to her own will.

The author's meaning seems to be that the individuality of a child must be allowed to determine its destiny, and the mother must stand aside with hands off, even if that destiny be disaster and defeat.

Miss Delafield follows in the path of Bernard Shaw who declares "that every child has a right to its own bent. . . . If you once allow yourself to regard a child as so much material for you to manufacture into any shape that happens to suit your fancy, you are defeating the experiment of the life force."

Professional critics habitually take exception—and usually with good cause—to the extravagant blurbs to be found on the jackets of books. But the Scribner's have recently published in Meredith Nicholson's "Lady Larkspur" a

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book of which the stereotyped description on the jacket fails altogether of intimating the delightful quality of the story, of Nicholson's style. The latter is the distinguishing feature, for it must be admitted that the plot is not new and the counterparts of the characters are to be found elsewhere in fiction. Yet the denouement, so apparent from the very first page and so clearly indicated on all but the last few pages, doesn't happen after all to be exactly what the author had in mind. Incidents which fictionists nowadays ordinarily make much of are treated as inconsequential—and the entranced reader of "Lady Larkspur" agrees that that is quite the best way to treat them. An hour and a half—if the reader be not too hasty—of humor and gay fun and life viewed through cheerful, almost rose-hued, glasses can safely be promised the reader.

♦♦♦

Admiral Jellicoe's Apology

Admiral Jellicoe's book, "The Grand Fleet," is the most important contribution to the history of the World War which has yet appeared. It shows, as no similar revelations have yet shown, the narrowness of the margin by which the world has escaped German domination.

That the French army saved the fortunes of mankind by little more than a hair at the Battle of the Marne; that the English kept the Germans away from the Channel ports in the spring of 1915 only by a miracle of valor; that only the self-sacrifice of the Russian army in 1915 gave Great Britain the opportunity to raise and train an army that held the Germans at bay for two years more—all these are now familiar facts. Yet in the darkest days, when the military situation seemed to be growing daily more desperate for the Allied armies, there was always one element in the situation which buoyed up the hopes of the world. The British fleet apparently stood an unconquerable protection against the German ambition; everything else might fail, but the enormous superiority of British naval strength in itself could destroy any chance of a German victory.

Yet now the man who knows the most about the British fleet, the man who was actually in command for the first two years of the war, reveals the fact that the confidence of the world was not necessarily well placed. Admiral Jellicoe says that, had the Germans attacked the fleet any time before April, 1915, they stood almost equal chances of defeating it. It is by no means assured, of course, that a great engagement, had it been fought at this critical time, would have resulted in a German victory; yet the fleets were so evenly matched during this period that the German failure to try the issue is the greatest unsolved mystery of the war.

Admiral Jellicoe has published these revelations for a distinct purpose. He has been much criticized for a lack of aggressiveness; his failure to seek out the German fleet and destroy it in the early days of the war has been held up in contrast to the dashing tactics of a Nelson or a Farragut and has been de-

scribed as altogether unworthy of British naval tradition.

Two parties have risen in England, one adhering to Jellicoe, one to Beatty; one holding to the belief that the mere existence of the Grand Fleet in being was, under the prevailing circumstances, sufficient to crush the life out of Germany, while the other believed that the main business of the fleet was to destroy its adversary and that the failure of Jellicoe to act on this conception was the greatest single influence in the prolongation of the war.

Admiral Jellicoe's purpose, in writing this book, is to show why he was not justified in adopting the so-called Nelson tactics. He publishes a table showing the status of British naval forces on the eve of the Battle of Trafalgar, from which it appears that the forces then under Nelson's command represented only a small part of the British navy. He shows that, had Nelson lost this battle, had all his ships been destroyed, the forces still remaining to Great Britain would have greatly exceeded anything which the Allies could have brought against her. In other words, Nelson was not taking a gambler's chance and staking the whole

future of the British Empire upon the event of a single battle. That precisely is what Jellicoe would have done had he sought out the Germans in the early days of the war and compelled them to meet his armada.

Had Jellicoe's forces represented such an overwhelming superiority as the world has always believed, this would perhaps have been a justifiable stroke, but Jellicoe now makes it clear that British superiority at sea, in the first six months of the war, was largely a delusion. The picture which he gives of the British fleet comes as a terrible shock to Englishmen and their wellwishers. The blame does not fall upon the fleet commanders, but upon the pacifistic elements in British politics in the ten years preceding the war.

The consequence of their maneuvering was that the Grand Fleet, when war broke out, contained only eighteen effective fighting dreadnaughts and four battle cruisers, against Germany's seventeen dreadnaughts and three battle

cruisers. The inadequacy of British fighting forces, when contrasted with the German, is shown in the fact the Grand Fleet had only forty-four destroyers

against the eighty-eight of the Kaiser's High Seas Fleet.

With almost brutal frankness Admiral Jellicoe discloses that the fighting power of the German ships was superior to that of the British. Their armor protection was so much better, he says, that, at the Battle of Jutland, nearly all the British ships which were badly battered sank, while most of the seriously injured German ships were able to limp back to port and be repaired.

The armor-piercing shells of the Germans were so superior to the British that they usually went through the British ships and exploded inside, thus wreaking terrible damage, while those of the British usually exploded outside on impact with the hull.

Admiral Jellicoe also says that the range-finding instruments of the Germans were much better than those of the British, the result being that their shooting was much more accurate at the beginning of engagements.

By April, 1915, says Jellicoe, the British naval situation greatly improved, and from that time on its superiority to the German, in material and personnel, steadily increased. But its weakness for the first eight months of the

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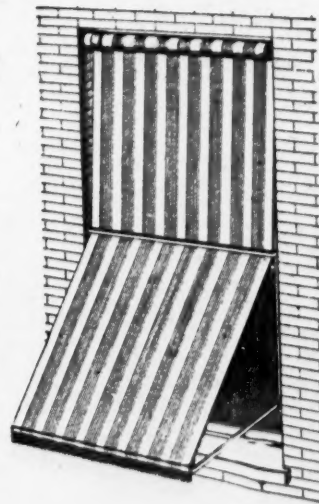
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war made a Fabian policy the only safe one. Its chief business was frankly to avoid an engagement; its only strategy was to avoid the German destroyers, submarines, and mines which pursued it everywhere.

Jellicoe's position resembled that of Washington in the early years of the American Revolution; with Washington, the capture or destruction of his army meant the end of the patriotic cause, and his greatest wisdom therefore consisted in retreating from the British army and holding his forces intact un-

til the colonists had increased their power sufficiently to justify more aggressive tactics.

And, for the first eight months of the war, the British navy retreated. Instead of basing the Grand Fleet somewhere near the field of possible action, Jellicoe took it north of Scotland to the Orkneys, at that time believing that Scapa Flow was beyond the cruising radius of the submarines. So carelessly had the British Admiralty prepared for the war that Scapa Flow was without the most ordinary protection against

submarine attack, and Admiral Jellicoe actually found it safer to keep the big ships cruising in the northern part of the North Sea, despite the fact that he had so few destroyers to screen them. He expresses his amazement that the Germans did not attack his ships when anchored at Scapa, dryly remarking that the only possible explanation for this "lack of enterprise" was that the German naval chiefs gave the British navy credit for providing defenses which in fact it did not possess. The appearance of an occasional German

submarine or destroyer, however, proved disturbing, and the British navy retreated still farther to Lough Swilly, off the northern coast of Ireland, the net result of this sojourn being the loss of the *Audacious*.

All this time British communications across the Channel were practically unprotected, as the fleet of old-fashioned ships detailed for that purpose was absurdly incompetent to meet the German dreadnaughts; apparently the High Seas Fleet could have constantly raided British transports. Why it never did so is another mystery which Jellicoe says he cannot explain. His narrative clearly shows that, during this critical period, the British navy was far more successful in bluffing their enemies than in fighting them; it succeeded in getting the whole world, including Germany itself, to accept this fiction of invincibility, and probably owes its preservation from serious reverses, and possibly disaster, to the gullibility of Von Tirpitz and the other directing minds of the German navy.—*From The World's Work for June.*

♦♦♦

"I paint what I see," an art student once said to his master, complacently. "Well, the shock will come when you really see what you've painted," said the artist.—*Boston Transcript.*

♦♦♦

"I'll grant you three wishes," said the fairy. "Nothing to it," declared the woman. "Eh?" "I gotta husband who does better than that every day."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

♦♦♦

"I see Mrs. Flubdub entertained a small company at a box party last evening." "Entertained a small party and disturbed a large audience."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

♦♦♦

"Pa, what is an economist?" "An economist, my boy, is a man who tells what you should have done with your money after you have done something else with it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

♦♦♦

Patience—She plays the piano with a good deal of expression, doesn't she? *Patrice*—Well, she makes awful faces when she plays, if that's what you mean.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

♦♦♦

"Kicking about a few millinery bills? Why, I could have married Wombat, who is now a millionaire. But I didn't." "That's one big reason why he's a millionaire."—*Cleveland Press.*

♦♦♦

She—They say Mr. Destyle is financially embarrassed. *He*—Well, he's horribly in debt, but it would take more than that to embarrass him.—*London Answers.*

♦♦♦

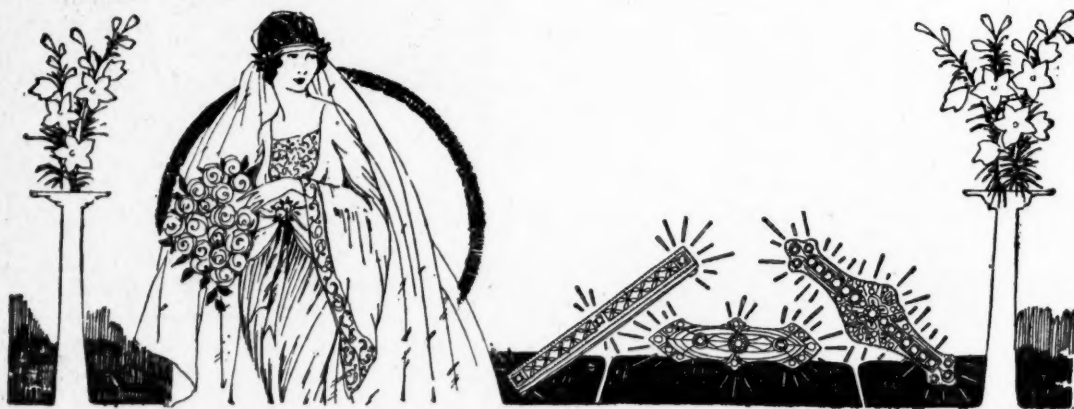
Mr. Henpeck—One big luxury is being overlooked by the taxmakers. *Mrs. Henpeck*—Sunshine? *Mr. Henpeck* (as he selects his exit)—Divorce.—*Buffalo Express.*

♦♦♦

Hook—Oldboy is the most melancholy fellow I know. *Crook*—You are right. He proposed to a girl once by asking her how she would like to become his widow.—*Tit-Bits.*

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Main Floor

Sarah

Broad, brown, billowy Sarah lived at "foty-fo-foty-fo Cottage, in the reahr," but we never knew that mysteriously labeled dwelling save through her tales. She left its remote precincts to come once a week on Thursdays and Fridays to do our washing and ironing. We looked forward to those Friday nights in the summer time—Thursdays didn't count because she swashed things round in the smooth-worn wooden tubs in the daytime, insisting that having her hands in the suds kept her cool—and daytime held no mysteries for us, not even in the darkest corner of the cellar.

It was those Fridays when Sarah ironed at night that we enjoyed, usually a whole long summer of enchanted Friday nights, for Sarah never ironed in the daytime in summer if she could help it; it was too unspeakably hot in that sizzling, southern town even for old Sarah. On those sultry nights everything seemed to be limp, the leaves of the moonvine hung dank and still, waiting for a breath of breeze, the June bugs feebly spluttered round the dim cellar light or idly kicked their listless feet in the air as they lay on their backs on the floor, and even the persistent locusts seemed to grow weary of their shrillness and whir their wings a little less energetically in the hot stillness.

But the more limp everything else appeared to be, the livelier grew old Sarah. Nights like that meant no hardship to her, they merely turned her to that abundant supply of cheeriness so generously and unconsciously imbibed in her "bringin'-up" on the plantation down in Kentucky, and she fairly radiated the tender warmth of a never failing good nature. Besides, she "pur-furred" to iron at night, spending the day in leisurely amiability.

Sarah (but you must never think of her except as "Sayrah") had charm of a peculiar and well-nigh exclusive variety, but with it she held in thrall all the little ruffians in the neighborhood. True, there were other laundresses on the block, yet who dreamed of going down to sit on brokendown chairs or coal boxes in the cellars where they ironed—they didn't stand for anything but wash boilers and clean, starched clothes. Sarah was the incarnation of romance—romance of such vividness that the ironing board, beeswax, bluing and wash were thrown in, as it were, merely as excuses round which she wove her yarns. We never watched her iron a petticoat ruffle as a petticoat ruffle—she transformed it before our very eyes, by some memory, into the dainty frills on the sheer linen of "Marse Charlie's" shirt bosom, frills that had to be ironed without a wrinkle or "Missey" wouldn't let him wear it.

But now, her mysterious charm comes to light. Sarah had had a master, had been bought and sold like a piece of rope—"jus' lak dat ole clo'es-line yondah in the corner." To talk to an erstwhile slave was, to our budding imaginations, almost as good as chatting with a pirate—they had full many a stirring adventures in common, the main difference in our opinion being that the

pirate ruled imperiously where the slave, poor thing, cringed.

But Sarah, to our amazement, had never spent any of her time cringing. No, siree; she wasn't that sort. When the Yankee cavalrymen rode their horses up to the great house and demanded the surrender of her Rebel master, Sarah, who was then but 16, resisted all cajoling and finally the threats of her captors, and, far from cringing, defied them—whereon they strung her up by the heels. When she came to this part of the story as she always did when we "pestered" her, we gloried in her bravery, and suffered in agonized joy while she dragged us through the last half hour of that Yankee visit before they finally rode off without her dear Marse Charlie. He escaped that time, but a Yankee bullet found him later on at Shiloh. Sarah's iron had a singular way of moving slowly over the glossy linens when she spoke of this, and one time her eyes grew strangely misty and she forgot to slide it along altogether till someone poked her arm, but by that time she had scorched the cloth.

It was after the war that she accompanied "Missey" on her trip to the Holy Land—Old Sarah was no "or'nery nigger," she was "trabeled"—and she spoke with authority when she told us that Lot's wife really had turned to a pillar of salt, "'cause I done spit on my finger an' tasted of it, an' it done tasted salty." Being of a most pronounced turn of mind on the subject of religion, this actual pillar of salt flavored her entire conception of the miraculous and no tale was ever too astonishing to be "de gospel trufe." Nor was a tale ever too wild to be thoroughly relished by her awestruck audience.

Occasionally she spun us a yarn about her sail on the sea of matrimony which, being of youngish years, we couldn't appreciate, and at these times we noticed that she steered always for the same port, as it were, the port being no other than "Mistah McCritty." Her jubilation over her five successful matrimonial essays was another point on which we were a little vague, but the fact that "Mistah McCritty" had been the crowning achievement of a well-rounded life, and that she had wed him in "Miss Benham's pink satin dat fit me lak de paper on de wall," seemed to obviate any sadness that might otherwise have lingered.

Raising children and making waffles were her specialties and, for a combination of accomplishments, they could hardly have been more perfect. Some of her families had been disappointments, but the twins, Lily and Narcissus, made up for all the rest.

Her chuckle never forsook her. It began in little ripples way deep down inside of her somewhere and rose to sputtering gusts of merriment that threatened to shake her generous proportions apart; to begin this performance, for it was a performance to see her bending up and down, slapping her knees, and emitting these sounds, gave you the queerest feeling of never really having to see the joke—you generally did see it, but it wasn't the least bit necessary, the joke was just laughing with Sarah, and no matter how



The Gimmes Welcome Holsum Bread

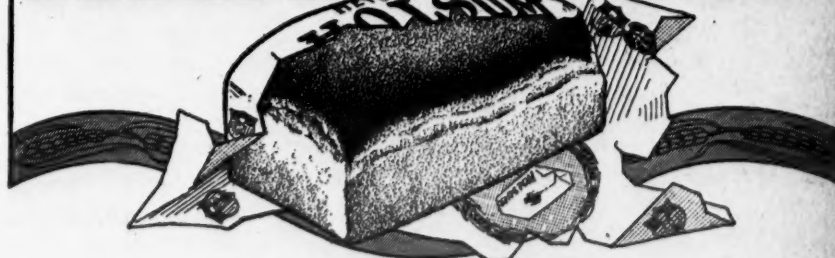
The Gimmes recognize the wrapper. They know the deliciousness inside. And instinctively they know that Holsum Bread is good for their growing bodies. It is easily digested because properly baked at just the right temperature for just the right length of time.

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gayly you laughed, you never laughed half so heartily as she. It is easy to picture her down at the end of the long yard standing where the pink sweet peas grew thickest, beaming to herself as she shouted snatches of hymns between mouthfuls of clothespins, the remains of "Mistah McCritty's" straw hat jammed down on her gray hair, her apron flapping as wildly as the white sheets her capable fingers caught and deftly fastened to the line.

She remains secure in our affections today. Long trousers and long skirts have not driven her from our happy recollections and, if we all gathered round the ironing board in the cellar again some hot night, her adventures would thrill us, and her laughter make us as merry as it did when we were still counted among the little people.—*From the Christian Science Monitor.*

Big Builders' Opinion

In commenting on building operations, and urging a Greater St. Louis, it occurs to the writer that the opinions of a firm closely in touch with construction work throughout the country, namely, the Selden-Breck Construction Company, with offices in the Fullerton Building, would be of value in estimating immediate prospects of business conditions. The heads of this concern have voiced the opinion of thinking men who know conditions. That there will be no noticeable drop in material prices short of eighteen months from this date, and, in the face of that fact, that the present, for numerous reasons, is as opportune a time for development as a later date. This opinion is based on the several facts that while waiting for a falling market in materials, there will be a greater loss in rentals which might be coming in with buildings erected, than the extra outlay for material would amount to, and furthermore building operations are what we particularly need at this time for the installation of confidence and the creation of employment for our returning army.

The Selden-Breck Construction Company are extensive operators and most of their work is that of the erection

of office buildings, hotels, warehouses, etc., on a large scale, as they handle no contracts ranging below one million dollars.

This firm were the contractors for the University Club building located at the corner of Grand and Washington Aves., and are now engaged on two big jobs of construction at Wichita Falls, Texas—an eight story hotel building and a seven story office structure.

Large contracts have been filled by them for the government, notable among which is that of the Camp Doniphan school of fire, the base hospitals, the balloon school, and the aviation school, all located at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, totaling in cost approximately six million dollars.

On the merits of the above mentioned work at Fort Sill, this firm have recently been awarded the contract for the erection of the school of small arms at the permanent training camp, located at Columbus, Georgia.

The Selden-Breck Construction Company was established in St. Louis, Mo., in 1904 by Mr. O. G. Selden and is now being conducted by Mr. Daniel Breck, who holds the office of president of the company. While this company's efficient work has led them far afield in their operations, they still maintain the home office in St. Louis.

♦♦♦

Henry Peck—I've been insuring my life for £100, dear. Mrs. Peck—Just like your mean selfish nature! Always thinking about your own life. You say nothing about insuring mine, I notice.—*Tit-Bits.*

♦♦♦

"My dear girl," said her mother-in-law, "any woman would be satisfied with what John says he gives you." "So would I," said the young wife.—*Boston Transcript.*

♦♦♦

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "can you really tell which horse is going to win?" "Most always." "Before the race is over?" "Yes. But only about half a second before it's over; too late to do any good."—*Washington Post.*

Marts and Money

The New York actual bank statement discloses an increase of \$205,402,000 in the loan item. The total now stands at \$5,114,362,000—another absolute maximum in the history of the Clearing House. Last week's expansion was the greatest for any single week since January 1st. All this helps to explain the sudden rise from 6 to 11½ per cent in the quotation for call funds the other day, as a result of which many leading stocks recorded losses of three to eighteen points in less than an hour. Studebaker common, for instance, broke from 123 to 105. Subsequently, in response to soothing remarks on the part of financial potentates and the hurried dispatch of \$6,000,000 to pinched brokerage institutions, Studebaker and practically all other representative industrials recovered a material part of depreciation registered.

It is not open to question that the resignation of Frank A. Vanderlip proved another important factor of depression. It was construed to indicate that the powerful National City Bank people severely disapproved of Mr. Vanderlip's pessimistic words concerning the economic and political condition of affairs in Europe, not so much because they were not in accord with the truth, but because they came at a time of gross inflation in values of speculative securities. I take it that particular offense was found in the rather bold intimation that the finances of some European Governments were so badly impaired as to forbid hopes of ultimate recuperation. After having taken his *congé*, Mr. Vanderlip admitted that "some people" had called him a "pessimist." He now knows that telling the truth has its penalties, especially in times of stockbooms and solicitous censorships. However, he continues to hand out unpalatable chunks of information. According to his latest talk, "England is off the gold basis for a good while to come." There's nothing surprising in that. The reserve ratio of the Bank of England has relapsed to 18½ per cent, as compared with a

normal ratio of 50 or 51 per cent. Walter Bagehot laid it down that 40 per cent must be regarded as the "apprehension limit." Sounds like a joke in these days of finance *à la mode*. Spain, we are told, is now "on a thoroughly sound gold basis." Now, what do you think of that? Japan, too, is suspected of being on a solid gold basis. I presume the same can be said of Holland, Switzerland and the Scandinavian nations.

Here's another striking utterance: "Now all that is based on the supposition that Europe is going to gather herself together and start back toward a normal life under the present capitalistic system of society. Remember I am not sure that Europe is going to do that, but if Europe does, then our position is the most favored that any nation at any time in history ever had. We are going to be the financial centre of the world, I think." "The present capitalistic system of society,"—did you mark that, reader? There's something peculiar, something provocative of uneasy cogitation in this phraseology. It seems to come from a mind that has seen sights and heard things defying oblivion. The occasional words of comfort and encouragement remind us of the gilded frame of a picture of ruin and horror. There are hints that Mr. Vanderlip has been subjected to criticism also on account of his assiduous activities, in pre-war times, with respect to the establishment of branches in foreign parts.

News concerning steel and motor business remains distinctly good, but it is believed in conservative circles that it has already been well discounted in prices of stocks of the kinds indicated.

Steel common is quoted at 110½ at this moment. Sales were made at 111¼ a few days ago. General Motors is quoted at 243—a new top mark. That daring manipulation is mostly responsible for the sudden, extensive jumps in prices that frequently eventuate after a brief spell of relative dullness, should be plain to even the amateur in Wall Street speculation. Such bulges are utilized for purposes of liquidation in other

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MERCANTILE TRUST CO.

Eighth and Locust to St. Charles

less prominent quarters of the market.

The quotation for copper metal is now given as 17½ to 17½ cents a pound, implying an advance of about a cent in the past week. One leading producer is said to have withdrawn from the market for deliveries at prevailing prices. But why don't they mention the name of the company? Well, anyhow, they are vigorously endeavoring to stir up a bigger demand for copper shares, and there's some ground for the belief that they will succeed, in the absence of another precipitous rush to liquidate stocks that have been bought not wisely but too well in recent weeks.

Some observers incline to the opinion that pools are "getting out" and preparing for an important setback that should form the prelude to a boisterous upward movement in the Fall months. Studebaker common is now rated at 115. It draws a dividend of \$4 per annum. The Government's 4¾ per cent notes are selling at 99.98 to 100.

Another thing: It costs you at least 7 per cent to get the wherewithal for buying Studebaker in a marginal way. This is only one of the glaring inconsistencies of the existing market. Of course, the bull faction strives to justify them by harping on probabilities or certainties of higher dividend rates before December 31. Be this as it may, the moment has arrived for taking in a few sails and for exercising more than ordinary discrimination in entering into long commitments.

The prices of railroad stocks move narrowly most of the time, but some of them show modest gains—of a half or a full point. Parties who pretend to superior knowledge predict shares of this class can safely be bought for still more substantial appreciation before September 1. They emphasize the prospects for enormous growth in volumes of traffic in consequence of unprecedented harvests and expanding exports and imports. They feel especially optimistic with respect to such issues as New York Central, Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, Erie, and Chesapeake & Ohio.

There's much favorable comment also upon the proposal at Washington that the transportation problem should be solved by a series of consolidations designed to establish nine or ten large systems. Such procedure, it is thought, would bring very agreeable profits to stockholders. The April deficit of railroad companies is estimated at \$41,146,000; that for the completed four months of 1919, at \$234,196,000. The Federal rental amounts to \$300,000,000 for this period. Bradstreet reports a gain of 128 per cent in building expenditures for May, in eighty cities.

Owing to previous overspeculation and somewhat more favorable reports from the South, the cotton market has been extremely feverish and weak lately. The average decline was about \$20 a bale.

The Mercantile Marine stocks have thus far not been seriously depressed by growing opposition to the dissolution plan. The principal objection comes from the American International Corporation, which is the owner of a large

block of the securities. There are puzzling rumors in this connection. But more anon.

Finance in St. Louis.

The spirit of optimism continues widely prevalent in the local financial district. On the Stock Exchange it finds its outlet principally in industrial and commercial stocks, the prices of which show very noteworthy advances in numerous instances, when compared with the low marks of a few months ago. Lately, National Candy common has again been decidedly prominent in daily dealings. More than four hundred shares were sold at 87.25 to 88, new high records. Two years ago this stock could easily be bought at \$5 for a while. The party who took on a hundred at that figure and is still standing pat is now \$8,300 to the good. Talk about easy money! One doesn't always have to go to Wall Street or an oil camp to strike it rich. Marland Refining is egregiously active. About sixteen hundred shares were disposed of in the last few days at 6.37½ to 6.50. The stock is considered a nice little gamble, which may develop into something real big by and by. One never knows. Forty International Shoe common were sold at 120. The low point in 1918 was 97½. One hundred and thirty Wagner Electric brought 175; fifty Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney first preferred, 84.50; five common, 50.25; thirty Ely-Walker common, 155 to 160; fifty second preferred, 85; twenty Hamilton-Brown Shoe common, 175, and twenty-five Certain-tyed first preferred, 89.75 to 90. The common stock of the latter company is selling at 43. In the banking department, brokers recorded the following transfers: Forty-three Bank of Commerce at 140; forty-five Mercantile Trust at 350.75; thirty Mechanics-American at 315-316. Of United Railway 4s, \$5,000 were sold at 51.25.

Closing Quotations.

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|----------------------------|------|--------|
| Boatmen's Bank | 134 | |
| Merchants-Laclede Nat. | 300 | |
| Nat. Bank of Commerce | 138½ | 139 |
| State National Bank | 187½ | |
| Mercantile Trust | 346 | 350 |
| Miss. Valley Trust | 295 | 300 |
| St. Louis Union Trust | 325 | 335 |
| United Railways pfd. | 11½ | |
| do 4s | 52½ | |
| Fulton Iron com. | 57½ | 57¾ |
| K. C. L.-D. Tel. 5s. | 84 | |
| New L.-D. Tel. of Ind. 5s. | 85 | |
| Toledo Home Tel. 5s. | 92½ | |
| Certain-tyed 1st pfd. | 90 | 90½ |
| Rice-Stix 2d pfd. | 97½ | |
| Scruggs com. | 54 | |
| do 2d pfd. | 77½ | 80 |
| Mo. Portland Cement | 79 | 80½ |
| Ely & Walker 2d pfd. | 86 | |
| International Shoe com. | 116 | |
| Brown Shoe com. | 92 | |
| do pfd. | 100¾ | 102 |
| Ryd. P. Brick com. | 7 | |
| do pfd. | 38 | 38¾ |
| Granite-Bimetallic | 36¾ | |
| American Bakery com. | 22½ | |
| Ind. Brew. 1st pfd. | 14½ | 15 |
| do 6s | 49½ | |
| National Candy com. | 92 | 92½ |
| Wagner Electric | 178½ | 180 |
| L. R., H. S. & W. 4s. | 68 | |
| Rocky Mt. com. | 40 | 42½ |

Answers to Inquiries.

G. A., Brockton, Mass.—(1) The difficulties of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit will be straightened out satisfactorily by and by. The stock is being absorbed stealthily on reactions of two or three points, in disregard of assessment prospects. The ruling price of 27½ doesn't appear out of reason, though it com-

pares with 19¾ in March. Bear in mind that stock sold as high as 94 in 1916 and 82 in 1917. Add to your holdings during depressions. (2) Southern Pacific should be held.

F. M. H., Hannibal, Mo.—The eleven-point rise in the value of American Zinc, Lead & Smelting common since January 1 presages material improvement in company's earnings. The current quotation is 22. Further advances must be regarded as probable. In 1916, the price was as high as 97¾; in 1917, the top was 41¾. Market movements are skillfully regulated by the clique. Company pays \$1.50 quarterly on preferred, the fixed cumulative rate, and has a considerable surplus. Nothing paid on common since August 1, 1917. In that year owners received two quarterly dividends of \$1 each. Par value, \$25. If you can afford to speculate and have sufficient patience, the stock should suit your purposes very well. In due time it will be rated at 45 again.

READER, St. Louis, Mo.—(1) Missouri Pacific is quoted at 34, after selling at 34¾ the other day. The latter figure is the best since 1916, when 38½ was touched on the curb. There's a strong belief that the stock will reach 40 before long. This is based to some extent on the quite notable resiliency of the stock, which cannot be explained entirely by references to the oil lands of the Texas & Pacific in which the M. P. is largely interested. After return of railroad systems to stockholders, M. P. should prove a still more popular speculation and become a dividend payer at a not very remote date. (2) Hold your Rock Island common.

FINANCIER, Wichita, Kan.—Midvale Steel has not risen very strikingly so far, even if allowance is made for the \$50 par value. The current price of 53 compares with a low record of 40¼ in February. It's reasonable to look for restoration of the 12 per cent dividend in event of realization of hopes of another period of great prosperity in steel trade. Substantial gains in earnings not likely to be seen, though, before October 1. A serious reaction appears improbable. Recommend retention of stock, and averaging purchase in case of fall to about 49.

J. H. K., Chicago, Ill.—The custom of dividing shares in sailing vessels into sixty-fourths seems to have arisen in British ports. In some form or other, divisional trading must have been practiced in all maritime nations for at least three or four centuries. It comports with the well-known custom of buying, selling and mortgaging only one, two,

or more physical parts of a vessel. Trading in fractions of shares promotes speculative interest and helps to develop the shipping industry and foreign trade. It is in line with the practice of giving mining stocks only a small par value, as a rule from \$1 to \$25 a share, as compared with a standard valuation of \$100 for railroad and industrial issues. It's little things, small opportunities, that count for most in terrestrial economy.

Lawyer—Don't you think \$25,000 cash would be punishment enough for his breach of promise? *The Aggrieved*—No, indeed; I want him to marry me.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Closing the saloons has brought great changes." "You bet," said the other dry town inhabitant. "Nowadays a woman doesn't know where to find her husband."—*Omaha News*.

Redd—The doctor said he'd have me on my feet in a fortnight.

Greene—And did he?

Redd—Sure. I've had to sell my automobile—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Willis—How do you like army life? Quite a number of new turns for a fellow to get used to I suppose? *Gillis*—You're right. At night you turn in, and just as you are about to turn over, somebody turns up and says, "Turn out."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

He—If I should kiss you, what would you do?

She—I never meet an emergency until the occasion arises.

He—Well, if the emergency arose this very minute, how would you meet it?

She—Meet it face to face.—*New York Globe*.

Coming Shows

The Grand Opera House bill next week will be headed by "Number Please," a diverting one-act playlet described as "a long distance toll of laughter, wired with songs and dance, connected by Daniel Kussell." Pete Curley and Joe Hall have a new vehicle called "Mr. Flynn from Lynn," which affords them much opportunity to amuse. Other numbers are the McIntyres, premier marksmen and "the human target," in an exhibition of marksmanship; Robbins and Fulton in a funny rural skit, "At the Town Pump;" Valyda in a song surprise; The Girls of '61 in songs and dances of the olden days; Paul Bauwens, "the human freight train;" Hama and Hanooka, Japanese novelty; Ralph Rawlings, versatile entertainer; the Ditmar Animal pictures, Animated Weekly, Town Topics, and Mutt and Jeff, and other comedies.

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